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The objects of indebtedness were ascertained in 17 counties in the five states, in which it was found that a large proportion of the debt was incurred to secure purchase money to pay for improvements or to invest in business. The average state rate of interest paid is found to vary from 6 per cent. in Tennessee to 8.64 per cent. in Kansas. A decline of nearly 1 per cent. appears in the average rate of interest paid on the mortgages made during the 10 years. It appears also that of the mortgages made during the decade in the states named, less than half were in force on January 1, 1890, but that nearly three-quarters of the mortgages made in Alabama, Iowa and Kansas were on acres, while in Illinois and Nebraska the greatest number were on lots. Large as the totals appear, it is significant that only 31 per cent. of the acres assessed in Illinois are mortgages, though the proportion runs up in Iowa to 47 and in Kansas to 61 per cent., but is as low as 12 in Tennessee and 22 per cent. in Alabama. The amount of the mortgage indebtedness per acre for the total number of acres is, however, less in Kansas than in Illinois, while the debt per acre is only about one-third as much (\$6.57) in Kansas as in Illinois."

By this we see that Ontario farmers are not the only ones to mortgage their farm, and that the cause of their doing so is regarded as a sign of prosperity rather than otherwise by our neighbors who live across the line. If this is true, it is a bright way of looking at the matter, and as every dark cloud has a silver lining, we should try and see it in that light instead of grumbling.

## Dawson Route Military Expedition.

BY A PRIVATE OF THE FORCE.

THE MANITOBA has lately contained several very interesting and readable articles detailing the difficulties and trials of the first Red River Expedition under Col. Wolsey in 1870, by way of the once famous Dawson route, from Prince Arthur's Landing. The articles are to a large extent historical, and are a valuable contribution to the literature concerning the early times of this country.

The following disjointed and discursive pages are intended to relate a few incidents connected with a later expedition to Fort Garry. The excitement incident to the first Red River Expedition, and the fact that it was commanded by an officer of the British army who has since become a noted general and also the fact that the route lay through a hitherto unknown wilderness seemed to have to a large extent overshadowed later expeditions over the same route, consequently the fact that there were such, seems to be now almost entirely forgotten. It is not the desire of the writer to compare these later expeditions with the first, either in importance or in the difficulties encountered but rather to bear testimony concerning the hardships and severe labors which the force was called upon to endure and perform. It is true that the first expedition "broke the road" for those who followed, and to one who has since traversed the route from end to end—especially if he did so as a soldier—the thought would naturally suggest itself that none but British soldiers could have accomplished the feat.

On the expiration of the term of service for which the members of the first expedition enlisted a large number took their discharges from the force, and became ordinary citizens. All the men who served their term became entitled to grants of 160 acres of land each, which though not of much value at that time soon became valuable, and to shrewd and careful fellows they became the foundation of future competencies, though many warrants were sold for little or nothing.

by less provident men, and by men who could not foresee the prosperous future of the Great Northwest.

A number of the men re-enlisted ; this time without the incentive of a second grant of land, and to fill the places of those who left the force, another contingent was organized in Ontario and Quebec in 1871, and forwarded to Fort Garry taking almost the same route ; the principal change being from the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods, overland to Winnipeg instead of by the Winnipeg River.

It is about the third expedition of which the writer was a member that this article specially refers to. Unlike the former expeditions the term of service was misleading. Instead of one year, the terms was "one year or three years if required." Young men from all parts of Ontario assembled at the Old Fort in Toronto, where they were enlisted by Lieut.-Col. Durie, D.A.G., and were informed by him that there was no doubt of the men obtaining their discharges at the end of one year's service and would only be required for a longer period in case of disquiet in the country. At the expiration of the year, the men demanded their discharge but were refused, and upon their representations of the terms of enlistment being forwarded to Ottawa it was felt that justice would be done them. They were however doomed to disappointment; the Government denying that the force had been enlisted as stated by the men, and the D. A. G.'s denying also that they had made the statements attributed to them; consequently those who did not desert, or purchase their discharge by obtaining substitutes had to serve a three year's term for their grants of land.

On the 19th September 1872, the enlisted men from Ontario were joined in Toronto by the Quebec contingent of Infantry and a Battery of Artillery from "B" Battery, Quebec, and took the Northern Railway to Collingwood where they were uniformed and armed, and formed into companies. Two days later we boarded the steamer "Francis Smith" for Prince Arthur's Landing under the command of Lieut.-Col. Villiers, of Hamilton, now D.A.G. at Winnipeg.

The men found that the accommodation furnished was the bare deck, each one bunking where he could find space not occupied by freight, some spreading their blankets on boxes or barrels. The men, being thus thrown closely together soon became acquainted. They were a motley mixture, Ontario farmer's sons, genteel city youths, old soldiers formerly in British regiments, French habitants, and among them all one strange character named Vigneau who had been in the Communist ranks in Paris, France, during that terrible outbreak after the close of the Franco-Prussian war. He kept the company from sleeping by his persistence in singing French songs in an exceedingly forcible and excitable strain. He had escaped from France after the Communist outbreak had been quelled, and reached Canada in time to enter the service of Britain's Queen to keep the peace somewhere in the far Northwest.

Another soldier also prone on his back on the deck, began a song in the darkness in an interval between Vigneau's songs. It was the well-known "Listen to the Mocking Bird;" the peculiarity about this song was that the voice ceased after the words "Listen to the mocking bird" and instead thereof could be distinctly heard the wings and peculiar whistle of a bird as it flew around the interior of the vessel from end to end, then it seemed to escape to the outside and could be heard flying and whistling over the boat; again it seemed to return to the interior, where it continued its rapid flight and the whistling. The noise of the bird suddenly ceased and the singer took up the remainder of the song. He had imitated the bird by his powers of ventriloquism. As the names of the men were unknown to each other, and as darkness prevailed at the time, the singer's name as far as I know, was never known, and the song was never heard again.

On the 22nd September we reached Prince Arthur's Landing, (now Port Arthur) and after unloading our provisions, stores, etc., from the steamer and loading them on waggons we commenced our march to Fort Garry about 5 P.M. by ascending the steep hill behind the town from the summit of which a magnificent view of Thunder Bay was obtained. We

soon reached the banks of the Kaministiquia River, and it being about dusk we camped for the night on a spot near a low wooden bridge. That identical spot I recognized a few years ago while on a visit to the east ; the C.P.R.'y crosses the river only a few yards from the spot. As a heavy rain had fallen a short time before, the ground was very wet and muddy, and while the tents were being pitched, a well known song could be heard with the following parody on the refrain :—

Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,  
Tenting on the cold damp ground.

About dawn on the following morning, we had breakfast on the hardest of Christie Brown's hardtack, beef and tea, and after striking tents, loading the wagons, etc., we resumed our march to Lake Shebandaween which was reached late in the afternoon, and at once prepared to unpack our boats, to cross the lake. The boats had been in use by former expeditions and were not in the best condition, and were supplied with oars roughly hewn out of young saplings from the woods. The boats were capable of holding about forty men each with the necessary proportion of provisions. After the stores or provisions had been transferred to the boats, we embarked as many men to each boat as it would safely hold, with a sergeant in charge of each. There were about ten boats in all. After embarking we found that the fleet was to be towed by a small steamer. This steamer was simply one of the boats furnished with a small engine. A start was made about 9 P.M. the boats being connected by tow lines between each of about 50 feet in length, the last boat containing the officers.

The night was dark and cool, and as the snake like fleet wended its solitary way among the islands, we began to realize our novel position. The sight was weird in the extreme, the only lights visible being that from the sparks of the little steamer. We were in the midst of a lake in an uninhabited country, unknown to any one except the voyageurs in charge. Our hearts however were light ; we knew we were on our way to that far away place—Fort Garry. The time was wiled away by songs, each boat vieing with the others in rolling out the choruses.

When we left the landing in tow of our

diminutive tug, we thought ourselves fortunate in escaping the labors of rowing the boats with the great, rough and unwieldy oars, but after a few hours confinement in the boats the cold became so uncomfortable that we would have been glad to row had it been allowed. About 1 A.M. we reached land and unloading began preparatory to transporting ourselves and our dunnage across the portage. This was at length accomplished by the aid of a rickety old waggon and a team apparently reduced to the veritable "straw a day." The portage was about one half mile in width and by daylight we were ready for our breakfast ofhardtack, etc., which was relished as no plum pudding had ever been before. After breakfast we embarked on Lake Kashabone in boats with oars similar to those already described. There being no tug on this lake we had to row, and the weather being cold we were not unwilling, though our progress was much slower. However we soon reached the next portage, and after transferring our stores, etc., across over an unusually rough bush road we reached the shores of Lac des Mille Lacs where we camped for the night. Early in the morning we resumed our journey, over this beautiful lake, the scenery was truly magnificent, the lake being dotted with hundreds of lovely islands, each covered with a thick evergreen undergrowth down to the water's edge, it seemed like a fairy land, if land and water can be so styled.

Our journey over portage and lake continued much the same as has been described. After crossing Baril Lake, Lake Windegostagoon, French Lake and Lake Kaogasekok and the portages separating them and running the rapids on the Matatwin we reached Sturgeon Lake, at the crossing of which an amusing incident occurred which is worth relating. Soon after leaving the landing on this lake the boats became separated in a severe gale which suddenly sprang up, the boat in which the writer formed one of the crew, was commanded by one Sergeant Brodie, from Elora, it had another Sergeant on board named McPherson, an old soldier formerly of the 100th Regiment, a rugged old Scotchman who felt resentful at being commanded by a younger man and a

volunteer at that. While the storm was at its height and the boat shipping water at the bow, Brodie decided to run to a small island close by. This McPherson vigorously opposed, calling Brodie a coward, etc., but Brodie being in command, a lauding was affected, where we at once prepared for the night by constructing a shelter from the wind and rain with poles and pine boughs. We slept comfortably all night and found in the morning that the storm had not abated to any great extent.

McPherson insisted on making a start and the men supported him, but Brodie opposed it strongly. Headed by McPherson the men launched the boat, however, but Brodie positively refused to embark and tried to exercise his authority. McPherson and the men were eager to proceed and did so, leaving Brodie standing on a rock wildly gesticulating and threatening us all with arrest and court marshall for disobedience of orders and insubordination. We did not quail, however, and as we kept on vigorously at the oars we could faintly hear Brodie's wail to leave him some beef. After proceeding about two miles the men prevailed on McPherson to relent to the extent of returning and giving our modern Robinson Crusoe an opportunity of joining us: he gladly did so, and a few hours after we reached the portage and found the remainder of the force in great anxiety about our safety, and preparing to go in search of us.

On reaching Fort Garry, Private Fred. Swire who formed one of the party composed the following poetical effusion on the occasion of which 500 copies were printed at the office of the *Liberal*, conducted at that time by Mr. Stewart Mulvey and circulated in the barracks much to the grief and indignation of the two sergeants interested:—

It was on Sturgeon's stormy lake,  
There sailed a martial crew  
Provisions they did with them take,  
Both beef and biscuit too;  
But when the storm blast loudly roared,  
And far was port or haven,  
The leader of this martial band  
Turned out to be a craven.  
'What ho!'" he cried, "what ho! I say,

"Pray turn the vessel's course,  
For much I fear there's danger near  
And keenly stings remorse,  
Steer for the shore, I prythee try  
For I am unprepared to die."

"Now out upon thee for a knave!  
I would not lift one toe to save  
Nor thee, nor any of thy class;  
For thou'rt a most egregious ass;  
You've not the heart of fowl or pheasant.  
So let's proceed boys—are you present?"  
Twas thus spoke 'Phairson,' yet the oar  
Propelled the little bark to shore,  
And it would seem that Phairson too  
Was not without a qualm or two.  
Arrived at land, ashore they sprang  
Brave Crusoe, and aloud th're rang  
His voice throughout the forest glade  
"Come on, ye devils, who's afraid?"  
And Echo, through the sombre shade  
Replied afar, "Crusoe's afraid."

Upon the beach, they camped that night,  
And anxious, waited for the light.  
The morning dawned, the tempest roars,  
And hurled the billows from the shores.  
No prospect seemed held up to view  
Of launching o'er those waters blue;  
But some more bold, were fain to start,  
Save Crusoe of the craven heart;  
In vain he begged those few to stay—  
"Not so," says 'Phairson, "we'll away,  
And send for you some other day."  
"What; leave me here with no relief?"  
Says Crusoe: "pray then leave the beef;  
And if you venture on that lake,  
Upon yourself the blame you take."  
"All right," cries 'Phairson, "that I'll do  
And now friend Robinson, Adieu!"  
Out sprang the boat propelled by oars  
Manned by a dozen stalwart rowers;  
And, as more distant grew the land,  
The voice of Crusoe reached the band,  
Borne by the breeze o'er rock and reef—  
*For God's sake 'Phairson, leave the beef.'*  
"Not so," bawls 'Phairson, "you're astarn,  
And that be busted for a yarn."

\* \* \* \* \*

And how the crews were safe at last,  
How dangers numerous they passed  
And in the end got safely home,  
Is told in many a book and tome,  
And bright eyed kids, with curly pate  
Will ask their mother to relate  
The story o'er and o'er again—  
How Crusoe feared the raging main.  
And Rumor says that in his sleep  
Crusoe again is on the deep,  
And muttering, 'It were not so bad  
If only those spare ribs I had',  
In every breeze that stirs the leaf  
His fancy whispers, 'Ribs of beef.'  
And wavelets breaking on the shore  
Say 'Beef ribs come again no more.'"

(Continued in May Number.)

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not married at all, and that their children were illegitimate. Numerous difficulties at once were foreseen especially as to titles and transfers of property, to say nothing of the uneasiness and disquiet caused in the minds of those who possessed a fickle spouse. But to remedy all the difficulties and legalize matters, Mr. Cartwright suggested in his report a plan of getting over the question; he says:

"Such being the case, it is obvious that it requires the interposition of the Legislature as well to settle what is past, as to provide some regulations for the future in framing of which it should be considered that good policy requires that in a new country, at least, matrimonial connections should be made as easy as may be consistent with the importance of such engagements; and having pledged myself to bring this business forward early in the next Session, I am lead to hope that Your Excellency will make such representations to His Majesty's Ministers as will induce them to consent to such arrangements respecting this business, as the circumstances of the country may render expedient."

To those of us who are living in this enlightened age of the 19th century, such proceedings seem rather strange, and many who have scolding wives and worthless husbands, may perhaps feel that by this act their liberties were rudely taken away, and the chance of any future freedom unwittingly done for.

### Dawson Route Military Expeditions.

BY A PRIVATE OF THE FORCE.

(Continued from March number.)

In continuing the account of the progress of the 3rd expedition over the Dawson Route in 1872, it would not be wise to particularize the arrivals and departures at the various portages on our route, in view of the fact that the relation of such would be

simply a repetition of much that has been so ably described in the MANITOBA by a member of the 1st expedition. The duties of the officers and men of our force were somewhat similar to those of the larger force of 1870, though the route followed by the latter from Lake Shebandowan to Fort Francis was a more southerly one to that by which we groped our way through that rocky and desolate country. The reader, if he has travelled over the C. P. R. to Fort William, can form an idea of the difficulties encountered by those early expeditions to this country, in crossing lakes and portages, wading swamps, climbing rocks, in fording streams and running rapids, on their way to Fort Garry. A few moments reflection on the changed circumstances of to-day; the substitution of the luxurious Pullman coach for the laborious and dangerous method of travel, then necessary to reach this country, will convince and gratify any loyal Canadian of the wonderful progress made in this western country during the last twenty years.

During our journeyings our chief amusement was racing on the lakes and rivers at every opportunity; the men doubling up on the huge oars, and bending to them with a determination not to be beaten, oftentimes the oars being broken in the struggle. One race the writer recollects having witnessed in the stream flowing into Sturgeon Lake. The boats collided at a narrow part of the stream where two could not pass, and they were injured and oars broken, and a few heads came very near being broken also.

This reminds me of an amusing incident which occurred shortly afterwards. Lieut. Taillefer, who commanded our section of the force, had issued very strict orders against any further racing and any one who had seen the stern countenance of the ex-Papal Zouave would say that an order from him was law. We had not proceeded far, however, when a boat with a crew of Ontario boys came forging on in the

rear of the boat occupied by Lieut. Taillefer, which was manned by a crew nearly all of whom were physically light, being nearly all from Montreal. The latter were certainly not inclined to let the Ontario boat pass without an effort, notwithstanding the order given by the officer in command; so they pulled for all they were able, while Taillefer sat gloomily taking in the situation. A repetition of the order was expected forbidding the race, when, presto! he makes a spring and hurls a diminutive Frenchman from the oar and taking his seat at it—a Hercules in strength and size—gave one tremendous stroke and breaking the thwart pin, went on his back with heels in the air with the momentum of a battering ram. His only remark when struggling to get up was "well boys you must not think I am a poor rower." It was generally remarked that Mr. Taillefer was never known to smile, and it is certain he did not on that occasion, though his crew did.

Experiences of another nature served to vary the monotony of our progress, viz., the running of rapids on the Maligne river, and afterwards on the Rainy river above Fort Francis. The rapids on the former are long and very swift, with falls here and there of about 2 to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet in height. The boats were handled by our Iroquois Indian voyageurs, one at each bow and stern, and one man at each oar pulling as if going against the stream, and descending with fearful rapidity between terrible threatening rocks. Nearly the whole force disembarked at the head of the stream. A few of the abler bodied men being retained to row the boats, the former portaging themselves and the greater part of the stores overland in the usual way. The boat in which the writer assisted in rowing, had a narrow escape from being swamped in the rapid. It struck a submerged rock, turned stern foremost, and after a series of gymnastic performances, glided into the lake, half filled with water.

After our boat's crew, nominally

commanded by the redoubtable Crusoe, had landed we soon reached Tanner's lake over a long and rocky portage, which was soon crossed. Another long and rocky portage known as Island portage brought us to Lake Nameukan, on the northern shore of which is located an Indian reserve, occupied by a band of Indians, headed at that time by the famous chief Black-stone. While we were preparing to embark on the lake, the giant chief, followed by an immense throng of the filthiest and most repulsive natives that we had ever seen, presented himself and began a harangue, which judging by the manner in which he drew our attention to surrounding objects, including his loyal following, might have been a learned discourse on geology, natural history, ethnology and astronomy. Would it be reasonable to suppose that, through our ignorance of modern languages, several new ideas and discoveries in these sciences are not now known to the world? It is quite probable that it was an appeal for food, at least Billy Reddy thought so, when he approached him with a salaam, in the midst of his eloquent peroration, and handed him one of the hardest of our hard-tack. The chief took it, looked at it, and with a tremendous Ugh! he turned and stalked majestically away.

After crossing Lake Nameukan and the portage between that lake and Rainy Lake, we met Lieut-Col. W. Osborne Smith, who had arrived from Fort Garry, to replace Col. Villiers. The former at once took command, and after embarking in the boats, we began to cross Rainy Lake. We had not proceeded far when a severe storm suddenly arose which drove us to the lee of an island close to the Minnesota shore. We camped for the nig'it in Uncle Sam's dominions, and waited all next day, Sunday, for the storm to abate. While waiting, our provisions ran short, and that morning a bugle sounded, "Fall in." The call was not expected and the men wondered if it was for Divine service, when lo! the

the Col. stepped up and in language not found in the Prayer book, called us names, more forcible than appropriate on that sacred morn. He charged us with wasting "God's precious food," and said, "if any man in future saw another wasting provisions he was to hit him over the head with his rifle," and, he added, "I will justify him in doing so." The Colonel then went off in his big war canoe to Fort Francis for supplies and met us next day, passing each boat and throwing a quantity of hard-tack to the hungry men, which we attacked at the imminent risk of breaking our teeth.

It did not seem to us that there was any waste, as some 300 men, exposed to the exhilarating ozone of the October breezes of the Dawson Route and rowing heavy boats, had perfectly legitimate means of getting away with food without "casting their bread upon the waters."

We soon reached Rainy River and after running several dangerous rapids in the 30 miles between the head of the river and Fort Francis, we reached the latter place and camped on the plain opposite the Falls, where fresh meat was served to us, the first we had eaten since leaving Collingwood. It was certainly an agreeable change from the saltiest of salt pork and hard-tack.

The village of Fort Francis is beautifully situated on the high banks of the river, in full view of the falls. The village at that time was simply an outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company, and almost unknown to the outer world, but it would be quite safe to predict for it a great future, should the much talked of Winnipeg and Duluth Railway become an accomplished fact. It lies in an almost direct line between Winnipeg and Duluth, and if it only had railway communication with the wheat fields of the west and with Lake Superior to the east, its almost unlimited water-power could be utilized to grind the wheat of half the continent. It does not require the experienced eye of an engineer to see that by the construction of power canals on both sides of the

river above the falls, a score of mills could obtain power at a comparatively very small cost.

After laying in a supply of flour, furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company, and bidding a regretful goodbye to our popular leader, Lieut.-Col. Villiers who had brought us safely to that point, we embarked on our boats and resumed our journey down Rainy River. The current being with us, we made rapid progress, and after proceeding some 30 or 40 miles, we camped on the Minnesota side for the night. Early in the morning we resumed our journey down this beautiful stream, and late the following night we passed Hungry Hall, and camped on a sandy and barren island, near the mouth of the river. Next morning we found that a severe storm prevailed on the Lake of the Woods, which compelled us to delay embarking in our frail boats. Our meals here were simple in the extreme. The bill of fare consisting of "slapjacks," the recipe for the preparation of which is—mix flour with Rainy River water to the consistency of dough, spread it by hand into cakes of a suitable size and bake on sheet iron frying-pans over an open fire, built on a sandy beach. In order that the slapjacks be properly seasoned, it is necessary that the wind should be blowing at the rate of about ten miles an hour, sufficient to incorporate enough sand in them to make them palatable. No other seasoning should be used. We followed this recipe to the letter, in fact we could not do otherwise under the circumstances, the materials mentioned being all we had in our regimental pantry. We spent the time in watching the storm and in attempting to capture prairie chickens, large numbers of which flew over our heads, almost close enough to enable us to hit them with clubs.

Early the following morning, the storm having spent itself meanwhile, we resumed our journey over the broad expanse of the Lake of the Woods, and as we all had by this time become

experienced boatmen, we soon crossed this last and largest lake on the route, and reached the North West Angle, after rowing through a broad expanse of wild rice bordering the shore at that point. Upon landing we found a cavalcade of harnessed oxen and Red River carts awaiting us, to carry our stores, etc, overland, a distance of 110 miles to Fort Garry. This mode of conveyance was new to many of us, and the various nondescript outfits with their halfbreed drivers were objects of interest to a greater extent than even Blackstone and his band.

The long black haired drivers were interviewed for all kinds of information and their outfits closely examined but not a vestige of iron found upon either carts or harness. The carts were soon loaded with our stores and dispatched in advance of the column. After a meal of slapjacks we commenced our march to Fort Garry. The road lay through the woods for a distance of about 75 miles from the lake. The tall, dead tamarac and spruce trees on each side showed that an extensive bush fire had raged some time before, burning the foliage to the tops and left the bare poles swaying in the breeze. Our daily march covered a distance of about 30 miles, which was considered good considering that the road bed was of white sand, our feet sinking about six inches at every step, and that each man carried his rifle, accoutrements and forty rounds of ammunition, the knapsacks only being in the carts.

Many of the men had been served with boots at Collingwood two and three sizes too large, a number, including the writer, wearing number twelves, and the reader can imagine for himself which would suffer most when a No. 9 foot, a No. 12 boot and a sandy road are introduced to each other. Many of the boots were discarded and thrown into the carts, the wearers filling their socks with hay, and keeping up with the column on the march.

On the afternoon of the third day we

emerged into the open prairie near Pointe du Chêne, where we camped for the night. During the night a heavy fall of snow covered the ground to the depth of about 6 inches, which became slush in the morning. To the bootless men this was anything but comfortable, but such minor discomforts were nothing in view of the early termination of our somewhat eventful journey. The last full day's march was soon resumed over the prairie, towards the oft heard of Red River and the scene of the Riel rebellion of nearly two years before. The snow and the mud soon disappeared and the change from the sand to the prairie trail was a welcome one. Towards the close of the day, however, several began to flag through ill fitting boots and from lack of boots of any kind, and towards evening the writer was told off to take charge of a picket to bring up the stragglers. The days being short, darkness soon covered the prairie with its pall, and about 9 o'clock a camp-fire could be seen in the distance. This was cheering, as it was thought an indication that our march for that day would very soon be over. After trudging several miles and the light seemingly as distant as ever, we enquired at a house by the roadside (situated, we afterwards found, in the parish of Lorette) what the distance was to the light. We were told "about tree miles." That at least was definite, we thought.

Another hour wearily passed and still as the light appeared no nearer, enquiry was again made at a house of the distance to the light. Our hearts sank when we got the answer "about tree miles," and for some time the picket had some difficulty in preventing several Montreal men seeking shelter in houses of the French residents by the way. However, about midnight we reached the camp fire, around which the men had gathered and were fast asleep on the ground in the open air, the tents not having arrived. A number of our stragglers soon found a haystack close by, from which they pulled a quantity of hay in the midst:

of which they stretched their tired limbs and had the soundest and most restful sleep of any on the journey.

Next morning, the 21st October, the march was again resumed and soon the crossing of the Seine River to the east of St. Boniface was reached, where we halted to wash and clean up before entering civilization again. Soon after we reached the banks of Red River, passing in front of the Bishop's Palace and crossed the Red River by way of a ferry into what is now known as Fort Rouge, and from thence over the Assiniboine River on a pontoon bridge, close to and east of where the Main St. Bridge now stands, and into Fort Garry through the massive south gate. The order "halt, front, dress" brought our long tiresome journey to a close, when we were told off in half companies to our respective barrack rooms in the old two story Hudson's Bay Company's fur warehouse, standing in a row within and close to the western wall, and fronting on what served as the barrack square.

The buildings which served as barracks were three in number, two stories in height and built of logs after the old Red River fashion, and shingled with heavy oak shingles fastened to oak sheeting with old fashioned, broad headed, hand made nails. A large door in the middle, facing the square opened into a vestibule on each side of which was a large barn like room, utterly devoid of ornament of any kind. From the vestibule ascended a stair to two similar situated rooms in the second story. Around the rooms with their heads to the wall were located the cots, and in the centre were the tables and benches. In these homely and primitive quarters we found a home. And each man after having his cot allotted to him and being free from his heavy accoutrements was directed to fill his empty tick with straw which was to be his soldier's bed; that done, he was free for a time to look around him. Some betook themselves to letter writing, some to renewing old acquaintances among

those who had re-enlisted and remained with the force; while many, a large majority, found their way to the canteen in a semi basement of an adjoining building to regale themselves with the liquid refreshments provided and for sale to thirsty soldiers. \*

(To be continued.)

*Beatrice Cameron,*  
Or, Poetry the Happy Medium.

A Story in Two Books.

(For the Manitoban.)

BY E. OSMAN MAHER.

(Continued.)

"*T*HAT'S carrying it too far, uncle," said Vane, "do you fancy my digestive organs are capable of consuming a whole pig, and a live one at that."

"Young man," answered Mr. Vaughan in a grave and solemn tone, "don't laugh, if I say you'll despoil of live and happiness for your inner man's sake a carnivorous consumer of vegetables you'll do so, and mind you don't forget it."

"Well, that fight. Them porkers began to grunt—as well as the one you'll be presented with for dinner—and called the cattle to witness the spectacle, which they accordingly did, crowding around, switching their tails with delight, and clamouring so furiously that the farm hands hastened to discover the cause of disturbance. Well, when I arrived, I saw two naked roosters, still pecking away like fury and the whole host of witnesses showing their approval of the ceremony in the liveliest possible manner."

"How's Violet," Vane managed to query at this point, more for a change of subject than anything else.

"Oh, she's excellent, just feeling the effects of love's young dream. There's a young feller around here, looking about with anxious and longing eyes, and I fancy there'll be a hitching match fore long. Well, them chick—"

\* Can't find any more of this — was any published?